

Count on Me

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****Count on me.****

****SUMMARY:**** 'Cause that's what friends are supposed to do. (by) Bruno Mars

****WARNINGS:**** ENGLISH FROM A FOREIGNER and NOT BETA-ed, Big 4 Friendship, some weird dreams and weird writing style. Use of lyrics. Be warned!

****DISCLAIMER:**** I don't own ****_How To Train Your Dragon, Rise of the Guardians, Tangled_**** and ****_Brave._**** Nor do I own the lines of the song ****_'Count on me'_**** by ****Bruno Mars****. All rights belong to their owners.

****A/N:**** I wrote this fanfic as a companion piece for my mini-sketchy-art/comics on DA (you can look for it on my page). The reason for all of this was Bruno Mars' song AND the fact that beside Hijack, I love Big Four as a group of friends. FRIENDS. And honestly it didn't really worked out how I had planned. But oh well, many things don't work out like that. BTW I placed it in HTTYDxROTG crossover because it starts with them two. ;3

Anyway, feel free to start.

* * *

><p>If you ever find yourself stuck in the middle of the sea

* * *

><p>Hiccup coughed harshly as his frail body shuddered violently in the cold sea waters. He wondered through his exhausted mind if he was just bound to be a failure in almost everything? Were gods finding it funny to see him struggle with the simplest things any other Viking can do without a hitch? It will explain the storm that caught him when he decided to fish by himself. He wanted to catch Toothless favorite as a surprise for his dragon buddy, but ended up here in the middle of the sea with only a piece of wood left from the boat. He was in the cold water for who-knows-how-many hours already and he could feel, or more like, couldn't feel his numb body. The skin of his hands that clutched into the wood was tinted blue and he was sure his face and lips were the same unpleasant color. His eyes were stinging from the salt and coldness, but he was too tired to lift his hand and rub at them. Through his distorted vision he could see gentle waves lapping at the wood and his fingers.<p>

A cold wind rushed past him and he tiredly closed his eyes, feeling so damn tired...

* * *

><p>I'll sail the world

* * *

><p>"Found you, fishbone."<p>

* * *

><p>to find you

* * *

><p>"You took your sweet time." Hiccup muttered, peeking with one eye upwards at a familiar Winter Sprite.<p>

Jack laughed breathlessly, on his lips a cheap attempt on smirk and his eyes wide and a little red. The wind had ruffled the blue-eyed teen's hair and he was panting as if he had flown over the world in a couple of hours. Which he probably did. His pale hand was extended toward Hiccup and the brunet couldn't fathom how he found strength to grasp it with his slack fingers.

"Hey... We are the same now." he chuckled slightly looking at his and other's skin, as Jack lifted him from the water and cradled him in his arms.

"Hang in there dragon boy." Jack muttered as they flew and strangely enough Hiccup wasn't cold but warm. He sighed contentedly and snuggled closer to Jack, ignoring the other teen's frantic questions as he drifted into the darkness. The last thing he saw was the nearing ship, the dragons circling around them and the even-noticeable-from-air Rapunzel's hair.

'I'm safe.'

* * *

><p>If you ever find yourself lost in the dark and you

can't see

* * *

><p>Darkness. Thick, suffocating darkness pressed into him from every corner. Where was he? Why he was here? He didn't like this dark. It made him remember. It made him forget.<p>

He shudders and gasps, the darkness embracing him from everywhere; it's slimy, searching tendrils touching him, striping him from his facade, reducing him into the trembling mass of fear. He bit back cry that itch to release from his throat and dimly wonders; shouldn't he fight it? The darkness is bad, it remind him of loneliness, of pain. Of the time where there were only snow and wind with silent eye watching him from above as he rip his throat raw with screams and pleas for it to explain, to talk!-

Why he was here? He can't see in the dark, he can't be seen in the dark. He doesn't want to be not seen. Why is he here again? Hadn't he proved that he was worth it? Hadn't he proved that he wasn't a nuisance? An empty place?

He can't see his own legs, but he could feel them moving and he shifts them so he could wrap his hands around his knees and bury his face, to hid it from the darkness. But it really didn't help, because he switched one type of dark to another. He could feel a cold breeze next to his bare feet and his mind is whispering to him that there are fingers of fear that tries to find him, capture him, devour him!-

* * *

><p>I'll be the light

* * *

><p>And suddenly he can see his pale feet and fingers clutched into the fabric of his hoodie, and colour so bright that he couldn't register what colour exactly it is as it fills his vision.<p>

* * *

><p>to guide you

* * *

><p>"Jack!"<p>

He blinks, not sure if he is finally too far gone to start seeing and hearing things, but light is not disappearing, but glows brighter and brighter as the figure appear in the midst of it, running and calling his name.

He doesn't register his own shaky gasps as he leans to the light and Rapunzel's embrace, nor he registers her frantic speech about how worried all of them were and was he okay or hurt anywhere. He just sees the light, feels the warmth at the sight of the girl and the other two figures that quickly approach them and feels the fear ebbing away along with darkness as his very own sources of light surround him in a protective circle.

'_I'm not alone.'_

* * *

><p>If you tossin' and you turnin' and you just can't fall asleep

* * *

><p>She was suffocating. She was running. She was screaming. She was crying.<p>

She was fighting and pleading, as her life she tried to find so hard was stolen from under her fingertips. She was torn between raging and begging as her dreams and hopes disappeared along with the sparkle in those so beautiful and suddenly so-so dull brown eyes that she couldn't stop looking into. She reaches out and suddenly she is underwater and everything is glowing around her with a hazy sunlight that slowly grew darker with a night that creeps around her. And bony fingers latches into her arms, legs, dress and hair and- Oh her **hair**! The arms are digging into her locks and yank them out as if wanting to severe her head with it, but she is not fighting, because she knows if her hair "power, wonder, **gift**" is gone she will be able to see the sparkle in brown eyes again, to hear him laugh again, to see him smile again-

But arms aren't stopping there, they tear at her flesh and the mocking voice whisper
-MotherknowsthebestmotherknowsthebestListentoYourMummy- in a shriek, in a soothing manner and all at once and she is disoriented as she trashes in the hold of ghostly fingers that sooth over her torn body. She tries to scream, but voice is not there, stolen away by the blade of the knife that stole not only it, and she knows she needs to get it **back**!-

* * *

><p>I'll sing a song

* * *

><p>'Flowers gleam and glow,_

Let your powers shine!'

The night shudders in a violent lurch as it got swept away by a golden tornado, and suddenly she can breathe again.

'**Make the clock reverse,**'

Bring back what once was mine!'

The other voice let out a shrill scream as it got dragged away down the tower, but she doesn't hear it over the wind cradling her into its hands.

'**Heal what has been hurt,**'

Change the fates design!'

And the sun is in the sky again, shining down to where she left him on the floor, but he is still there and sparkle is brighter than ever.

'_**Save what has been lost,**_

**Bring back what once was mineâ€|'**_

And the snow under her feet creak slightly as she flung herself forward, inhaling love and happiness into her lungs, as the wind, the sun and the frost cheer with her in the midst of flowers and flurry of gentle lips.

'_**What once was mineâ€|'_**_

* * *

><p>beside you

* * *

><p>"Sleep tight, Goldie Locks." Merida sat more comfortably on the bed, not sure if happy or not with a sudden idea of an unexpected sleepover, but too tired to care. "Because I won't sing you ever again."<p>

Rapunzel smiles through the dream, as if knowing that the girl will do it again and again if it is necessary.

'_Because they are here.'_

* * *

><p>And if you ever forget how much you really mean to me

* * *

><p>What was the point? Nobody took her serious, always looking at her like- like that_, and she knows what they are thinking, saying behind her back.

Brat. Stuck up. Nosy girl. Ungrateful egoist. Teenager with issues. Snotty _**Princess**_.

Why will they call her that? She just wants to be the one who choose her own life, not follow her birth origin or parent's rules. She wishes to be a master of her own fate, and when she had finally done it, instead of understanding, she hears only a whisper of â€"_SelfishEgoisticReckless_- following her, crushing her with their weight and stabbing with their poisonous needles. She tries to be strong, to be brave in the face of those who judge her, but even her strongest faÃ§ade is not strong enough to not let them get under her skin, and she found herself in the forest, hiding, running and avoiding the stares.

How could they do it? They have no idea how it was for her and what her decisions had cost her, but yet they speak so easily about her choices and mock them as if they could do better. She feels the rage

flaming up again, but quickly it distinguishes with a horrifying thought of **_**what if they are right?**_**

And suddenly she feels so small, so young and fragile, that it scares her so **_**much**_**. She falls on her knees and the tears running down her cheeks and she is disgusted by herself, because she had promised not to be a weakling, but the promise is broken as soon as she allowed herself to be judged.

* * *

><p>Every day I will

* * *

><p>"Merida?"<p>

She hasn't heard him following her, and it surprised her how such a klutz managed to keep up with her. He is in front of her panting and sweaty, but his gaze is steady as he looks in her full of tears-eyes.

"I am a pathetic sight, eh?" She chuckles weakly, more tears pouring down her cheeks. He collapses on the knees in front of her, cradling her hands into his own scarred and freckled ones.

"Don't you ever say something like this again."

* * *

><p>remind you

* * *

><p>She looks up at him and her breathe hitch at his burning gaze. Merida blinked, before smiling softly.<p>

"Such a tough faÃ§ade isn't yours, Hiccup."

"Well, yeah." He snorts. "It's more yours or Jack's. Heck even Rapunzel is more threatening than me."

They laugh, and suddenly she thinks that everything will be okay.

"Come on, now, Merida. Jack has a couple of people to haunt and Rapunzel is itching for action too. Do you think it will be too much if I get Toothless too?"

Maybe even more than okay.

"Nope. I think not."

'_Always near.'_

* * *

><p>Find out what you are made of

When we are called to help our friend in need

* * *

><p>...

End
file.